

Y. M. H. A.  
OLDTIMERS and ATHLETES  
REUNION DINNER



October 21st, 1969

Address by  
DR. C. S. HERSHFIELD





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Mr. Chairman, thank you, for your very kind and flattering remarks you have made about me. I hope I have been worthy and continue to be worthy of these very complimentary statements.

Gentlemen! At one of our early meetings of the committee in preparation of this get-together, I made the remark that this affair would be a success if 200 men attended. I am told by our registrar that there are        men present tonight.. This wonderful turnout is due, I am sure, to two factors: One — to the nostalgic reservoir of memories of great days in the distant past, the glories of which linger on in the minds of all old-time Winnipeggers and — Two: To the energetic, tireless efforts of all members of the committee on arrangmnt for this evening's affair.

And, as I have the honor of being chairman of this committee, it is my pleasure to thank the members publicly for their persistent continuing timely efforts and support.

A special thanks to Sam Sheps for his counsel and guidance; to Leible Hershfield for his work as secretary; and to Dan Gutkin for the decor and arrangements in the preparation and promotion of this great event.

At this point, Mr. Chairman, through your good office, I would like to direct my remarks to the president of the Y.M.H.A., Mr. Blankstein.

In perusing this booklet which gives a brief — but excellent catalogue of chronological events in the history of the Y.M.H.A., the period 1921 to 1935, receives scant notice due to the unavailability of records.

To many of us oldtimers, this is a sad fact, for during this period of time— which is so close, so meaningful, so vital to us — we were the Y.M.H.A., we were the very life fibres of its being.

Perhaps, Mr. President, this gap in the history of the Winnipeg Y.M.H.A. will be filled in by my presentation tonight, of information and facts ascertained through the recalling of events of the past, by personal knowledge, discussion and research.

However, Mr. President, we are all aware that the passage of time dulls our memory or may exaggerate or romanticize events of the past. I beg your indulgence if I omit names of people or do not recall events that may be of importance in the minds of old timers here tonight.

Gentlemen — friends all!

As I stand before you this evening and contemplate upon the years

that have passed, the thought that impresses me is the rapidity of their passage. I can look back in my memories to the days of the very beginning of the group (1915) that would form the nucleus of the athletes and the base upon which teams in sport would be organized. Sports teams that would play such an important role in the lives of the participants and in the life of the Jewish community during and in the years following the First World War.

The passage of time from those early years to yesterday seems but a short hundred-yards-dash. In this interval of half a century, much has happened in our country, in our community and in our individual lives. We have come from the horse and buggy days to the Jet Age; from the days when we would marvel at that dare-devil Barney Oldfield flying his automobile around the dirt race track at the Old Exhibition grounds at 60 miles an hour; to the marvel of a space capsule flying through the heavens at 25,000 miles an hour, and landing a man on the moon. And just as the world has had its periods of sadness and sorrows and occasionally spells of peace and plentifulness, so we, as individuals have had our periods of troubles and failures; success and achievements. And among the great moments of my life and those of my contemporaries, was the magnificent success and achievements of boys, the sons of immigrants who attained eminence and fame in the playing of various sports, to such an extent that up to this moment — 50 years later — one meets people of our age, perhaps a bit younger — in all walks of life, who can still say with admiration and with friendliness "I remember when . . ." And thus it was with great delight and pleasure that we greeted the proposal — initiated by our non-Jewish friends—that an area of land on McPhillips St., donated by the City of Winnipeg for the purpose of erecting a soft ball stadium be named the Charlie Krupp Memorial Stadium. This tribute to Charlie Krupp is but a continuation of the good will brought about by our association with so many men in the sports world.

May I be pardoned if I spend a moment or two in bringing before you some historical facts which are pertinent to what I would like to say this evening.

Your parent and mine came to this country — in the main — during the years 1900 to 1914. They left countries where their ancestors had lived for hundreds of years — for reasons that are well known to all of you — to settle in this area of Canada, particularly Winnipeg —



a strange, cold unsettled land. These immigrants, strange to the customs and manners of this new land, made their homes in the area north of the C.P.R. tracks — soon to be termed North Winnipeg. Here they established institutions and organizations along a similar way of life they had led in the Old Country.

Their children, as long as they behaved themselves and brought home fair report cards from school, were left adrift in this new environment to shift and to fend for themselves.

It did not take long for us, the children, to adapt ourselves to our surroundings and to adopt for ourselves the ways of our neighbors. In the early years, it was common knowledge and the custom of the day that the Jewish children would be attacked and beaten on their way to and from school, but it did not take long before the tables were turned and it was the Jewish boys who were handing out the thrashings.

And at school we learned about the playing of games — we watched, we learned and we played — and we became so adept at all games that within a few years, Jewish boys became the stars in the games they participated in. The Strathcona School and, to a lesser degree, the Aberdeen, King Edward, and Norquay, year after year were the school champions in various sports.

At this point, I must pay respect to the memory of men, the principals of these schools, who by their insight, their progressive forward thinking and actions, laid the foundations upon which outstanding Canadian citizens were created — Mr. W. J. Sisler of the Strathcona, Mr. Hearn of the Aberdeen, Mr. Gough of the King Edward and Mr. Mulvey of the Norquay. Mr. Sisler impressed on our minds that a true sportsman is one who played the game fairly, honestly and with decent regard for his opponent. And if the great Y.M.H.A. teams of the twenties and thirties are remembered it is because of the aura of true sportmanship that surrounded the athletes.

During the suumer holidays, we congregated on the school grounds and participated in the activities on these grounds, and again I would pay tribute to the civic-minded people of these years who created the summer school playgrounds, and thus kept us off the streets — out of mischief and active in games.

On the school grounds we learned about the game called softball, and it was not long before we became so adept at this game that for many years Strathcona School was unbeatable at this game. And from

this close association on the playing field and in the neighborhood, it was but a natural step for this group to form an organization which we called the Strathcona Athletic Club.

The Strathcona club came into being in 1919, at about the same time that our older brothers — among them Izzy Guttman, Alec Cantor, Ben Cutler, Aron Hershfield, Alex Blond, Izzy Polansky, Murray Burns, Henry Guttman, Hy Swartz, I. Schachter, Norman Zimmerman, N. Malcove were in the process of organizing the Young Men's Hebrew Association and the birth of the Y.M.H.A. came forth in the summer of 1919.

The newly organized Y was received with great enthusiasm by the young people and membership in the Y grew rapidly. It established its first home in the Fairbairn Hall, corner of Selkirk and Main. It then moved to the Ripstein Block just south of the Main St. subway. From this location, it moved to a hall above Berman's bookstore on Main St. — between Rupert and James, and finally it settled in the old Concordia Club Rooms in the Kensington Bldg. just east of Smith St. on Portage Avenue. Here I attended my brother Aron's Stag and have vivid pleasant memories of this affair, because of the lively antics of Moishe Bull Berenstein, Chief Red Travis and Dave Calef.

However, the fortunes of the Y.M.H.A. began to wane and go downhill and even the public appeal of prominent citizens of the day could not stop the decline and death of Y.M.H.A., and in 1923, just 5 years after its organization, the Y was declared bankrupt. (Incidentally Sam Sheps has a copy of the appeal made publicly by the prominent citizens of that time.) Now during the few years of existence of the Y.M.H.A. the Strathcona club had proved to be a very successful social and athletic organization. Its members, too young to participate in organized sport, pursued their athletic inclinations in all directions, and every evening and all day Sunday we were out playing ball, particularly soccer and softball. We became so adept at the playing of soccer, that when we entered the Manitoba Juvenile League in 1921, we swept thru the season without a loss. We were the sensation of the year in minor soccer. Our team consisted of the following players — Buzzy Yucht, Hymie Bregman, Shep Hershfield, Allan Foster, Toby Triller, Isaac Letvak, Harry Hallis, Joe Lifchus, Willie Fogel, Jack Mitchell, and business manager Sam Merson. In 1922 we entered Junior Competition and finished third. At this point — 1922 — we decided to change the name of the football team and it became a question of calling it the



Montefiore or Y.M.H.A. However, as our older brothers belonged to the Y and because of small financial support, we became the Y.M.H.A. 'football team.

We added to our team Mesho Triller, Alec Knelman, Harry Stein, Mele Rajisky, Harry Bendit and Sam Vineberg.

In 1923 and 1924, we won the championship of the leagues — we were singled out by all as the greatest Junior soccer team that had ever appeared on Junior football fields. We really played a great game of soccer — we were a treat to watch. We attracted hundreds of people to our games and they became our loyal supporters. We received due notices in the press and the local Jewish community became conscious of our existence.

In softball, though, there was no organized league in existence — there were many teams in the city. We played them all and never lost a game.

One game stands out in my mind: Against a group of French-Canadian boys called "The Cardinals" — from St. Boniface — on a beautiful evening in July, 1923 — at the Aberdeen School grounds. They were no match for us, for after the second inning with Charlie Krupp catching and myself pitching, the rest of our team just sat down on the ground. If memory serves me rightly, we struck out 25 of their players.

The Cardinal pitcher — an older boy whom they called Brother J—— who was studying for the priesthood — was a good pitcher, but obviously not against batters like Fat Klein, Buster Radis, Toby Triller and the rest of our boys. Two weeks later, we played them again on the old St. Boniface College grounds. Again they were no match for us. We beat them easily.

In 1954 — I am in an elevator in the old St. Boniface Hospital — the door opens — in walks a tall, grey-haired handsome priest. Obviously this priest is of some importance — for a group of priests and nuns follow him into the elevator. I shift into a corner. He looks at me and continues to stare at me. I call out my floor — "Treissiemme etage, s'll vous plait." The elevator door opens and I edge out into the hall. To my surprise, and to the very apparent surprise of the nuns and priests in the elevator car, this important personage follows me into

the hall. He calls out to me — "Docteur. Je vous connois. Je veux parler avec vous." "Moi?" I said. "Oui," he answers. "I know you — did you ever play softball?" he asks. I looked at him and suddenly I remembered. "Of course, you are Brother J——." But now with the signet ring on his finger he was obviously a high-ranking personage in the church. After saying the usual hellos, and how are you, he said that he had never forgotten the games against the Jewish boys, and always remembered them as true upstanding brilliant sportsmen. We shook hands and I was left with a feeling of elation and pride in the thought that our action of 30 years earlier could have left such an impression on this high-ranking priest, and it became my earnest hope that in some way, in some manner, this fond recollection would translate itself into a friendly ecumenical deed.

During the summer of 1924, the famous games between Simon's Delicatessen and Neamans' Delicatessen took place. You will recall that in those years, there was little or nothing young people could do on Sundays — and that it was not until 1926 — at the instigation of John Blumberg that Sunday trains to Winnipeg Beach were allowed to operate. And so the games between Simons and Neamans, played on Sundays created much interest among young people. These games were played on McPhillips Street, across the old exhibition grounds and created much excitement, particularly the one wherein Johnny Weidman, who was umpiring, called a foul ball against the Simons, with the winning run on the bases. What a riot and commotion took place, and the game had to be called unfinished. And in the evening, when it was learned that Johnny had placed a bet on our team, the Neamans, arguments and name-calling continued until late in the morning.

People could barely wait to next Sunday — nightly we would congregate at Neamens or Simons, chewing the sunflower seeds, spitting out the shells, and discussing the oncoming game. Numerous bets were made — and it is no secret now, that one of us was offered the princely sum of \$60.00, not to pitch too well.

An anti-climax, our team, the Neamens, beat Simons 10-1, and that was the end of that fondly-remembered rivalry.

In the fall of 1924, the City Senior Softball League was formed, and we were invited to join. There were some players who wanted to call the team "Neamens," but at the insistence of others, particularly



the battery, we entered the league as the Y.M.H.A. softball team. You will recall that our soccer team had been playing under the name of Y.M.H.A. for three years, even though the Y.M.H.A. had ceased to exist as an organization in 1923. And so it came to pass, that, as we had become so successful and popular in our athletic endeavors and had now attracted many hundreds of loyal followers and supporters, the thought occurred to us that the Y.M.H.A. should be revived and reorganized. And so it came to pass, that, at a memorable, informal meeting, the suggestion that the Y be re-established was proposed to former members of the presently defunct Y.M.H.A.

And on a memorable Sunday, in the fall of 1925 — I recall so vividly, gathering with a group of Y boys and young men at Phil Gellers' home on Pritchard Avenue, and creating the Y.M.H.A. Athletic Booster Club, with Benny Cutler as president and Michael Myers as secretary, and an executive consisting of Aaron Hershfield, Lou Gladstone, Barney Mogul, Hy Schwartz, Phil Spivak, Bill Abramson, Gabe Kershner, Phil Geller, Harry Stoller and Sheppy Hershfield, and thus, the weakened, enfeebled infant, the "Y.M.H.A." was revived and new blood infused into its veins. Year by year it has grown and become strengthened until this very day, when it is the proud, solid structure that we know it to be.

Isaac Levta, one of our members, had opened a delicatessen store at 273 Selkirk Avenue — he had empty space at the rear of his store — and the Y.M.H.A. established its quarters in this small dingy, cramped area. We attracted — immediately — many new members, and in 1927, we moved to the Harrison Hall, north of the corner of Main and Selkirk Ave. Here Aaron Hershfield acted as president, followed by Alec Cantor, Rock Calof and Max Cohen. A junior organization, under the leadership of Dan Gutkin, also came into existence some years later.

I know that all of you who remember Harrison Hall, will recall with much pleasure and delight and emotion, the great and happy times we spent in this clubroom, the wonderful Sunday night dances, at which many a romance was started and culminated in happy union. To this clubroom flocked our supporters, now numbering in the many hundreds to rejoice with us at our victories and mourn with us at our occasional losses.

In 1925, the first year of the Senior Softball League, we won the

championship with ease. Our team consisted of Mesho Triller, Hy Swartz (manager), Toby Triller, Abe Klein, Buster Radis, Morris Choslocsky, Jack Cohen, Louis Radis, Louis Oretski, Bill Abramson, Hillie Levitsky, Bill Simon, Phil Geller, Ben Hollis, Charles Krupp, Shep Hersfield. What a great team it was — we were the tops!

The years that followed were full of activity and excitement for us, the newly formed Y.M.H.A. We were at the top of our form as athletes. We were unbeatable in softball which had become the most popular summer game in Winnipeg, and in soccer we played well, but it was not until we attained maturity in growth and weight, that we were able to win the Senior Soccer Championship of Manitoba in 1928. Our fame spread far and wide. The members of this team were — Lou Mogul, Mesho Triller, Benny Glussman, Phil Geller, Leible Hersfield, Louis Barlin, Sam Krupp, Charlie Krupp, Zebe Greenberg, Toby Triller, Allen Foster, Shep Hersfield, Buster Radis, Harry Geller, Abe Lack, Harry Bendit, coach — Bobby Harley, trainer, — Alec Smith, and linesman — Harry Stoller.

Our softball team that had won the senior championships year after year, became stronger as the years passed, with the addition of such star payers as Dave, Al, and Barney Bronstein; such great pitchers as Rube Ludwick, Snaker Klein, Sam Krindle, Harry Broverman, Aron Kolinisky and Charley Rusen and such stars as Izzy Rosenstock, Benny Glussman, Leible Hersfield, Motle Kamerofsky, Sam Wolowitz, Corky Levine and others.

There are many of the guests here tonight who I know will recall with much relish and feeling, the great games of soccer between the Cohens and Kellys. So great and lasting was the interest aroused by these games that the spirit of friendship and feeling of nostalgia remains to this day, as witness my experience just 6 months ago when I attended the 50th wedding anniversary of a Mr. and Mrs. George R. I was surrounded by Scotsmen and Irishmen — who, plying me with liquid refreshments until I could not see straight, kept recalling and retelling with such ardent feeling, incidents and names of players, I had long forgotten. It surely appeared that the games between the Irish and Jews had been highlights of their lives, and remembered with such fondness and in such detail at this late date. (Incidentally, the Irish always beat us, and only once did we play them to a draw.)



And what effect did we have on the Jewish community — for our fame had followed us to our homes and we became heroes in our community. We attracted literally thousands of Jews to our games. They followed our games with such emotion and spirit, they were overjoyed when we won, they wept when we lost. They followed us to the club rooms; they walked with us to our homes; they patted us on our backs; we were literally tin gods. To many of these Jews — newly arrived in this wonderful free Canada — they marvelled and were thrilled that they could cheer their athletic heroes with impunity and without fear of any repercussions.

Little did they know that this freedom to cheer, to openly express their emotions, had been a hard uphill struggle by their heroes, who by their example and display of sportsmanship and their ability as sportsmen and their ability to use their fists when the occasions arose, had won the respect and regard of all fair-minded sportsmen, mindful of the true sense of British fair play.

And among these excitable emotional supporters, I recall Benny and Jack, the barbers, who would literally leave their customers in the middle of a shave in order to come early to a game. There was Beryl the butcher, who, standing behind the opponents goal, would cry out "Shees arun," Allen or Joe or Buster."

There was Doovid the furrier, who never sat or stood still, but kept running up and down the side line. There was the English Jew who always brought oranges for the players, his boys, and who can forget John Blumberg's stentorian voice yelling — "The slow ball, Shep, the slow ball!" And of course the first and best of our supporters was my late mother — who, though she spoke English poorly, followed our games eagerly and could discuss them with us quite clearly.

Who among us can forget the great games against the Elites, St. John's, and particularly, the exciting championship games against those great players of the Uneeda Ball Club. The friendship that we developed and established with such grand fellows as Bert Kline, Dick McGuire, Bill Cheyne, Jim Dunn, Stew McPherson, the Watkin brothers, Tony Serafin, Johnny Pucci, Googs Hindle, Willy Koster and Wally Stanowski, have persisted to this very day.

Who can forget the great appeal and signal characteristics of those umpires, Ted Cox and Snake Siddle, and of the soccer referees,

Scotty Bowman and Sandy McMahon; who can forget our trip to Regina and Prince Albert in 1928, when the entire Jewish communities welcomed us as conquering heroes; and who of us can forget the other side of the coin, when we barely escaped with our skins after a baseball game in Transcona, or the time in Keenora Park when we were receiving the beating of our lives and only thanks to the sudden appearance of our friend Stanley Zedd, did we escape with our lives.

Do you recall the fight at the Strathcona between the tough boys from Strathcona and those from Lord Selkirk, just on the day we were to put on a model exhibition of friendly games before a group of civic dignitaries?

Do you recall the time Fred Barnes with his flying fists came to the rescue of the Young Judeans during a lacrosse game with the Pilgrims? Do you recall the time we beat the famous Westbrook football team 6-1 on their grounds and then had to run for our lives?

Do you recall the beating we received on the Perth Avenue grounds in West Kildonan? And do you recall the time when three of us gave a giant of a guard a thrashing because he would not let us cross the C.P.R. grounds for an important game?

Do you recall a game at St. Johns grounds when one of the Gelhorn boys and I fought — a boy on a bicycle dashed down Salter St. to the Aberdeen grounds — where a game was in progress — “Mi shloogt the yiden” — he cried out. Players and spectators, people from Flora, Selkirk, Pritchard, Manitoba, rushed out of their homes, running racing, on bicycles, cars — they sped to St. Johns’ grounds. “Mi shloogt the yiden — mi shloogt the yiden.” Of course by the time they arrived, all was serene and peaceful.

Yes! I am sure you and I could recall many more stories and incidents that could be told and retold, that have left their imprint on our minds. But for me, as for you, the most heartwarming and pleasurable emotions that have left their imprint, is the everlasting friendship of so many people thru the passing years.

As the years went by, there never was a dirth of younger boys — often much better athletes — to fill the spots of those who stepped down. Tubber Kobrinsky, Jack and Harry Perlmutter, Fat Weiner, Motle Komerofsky, Teddy Bass, Red Epstein, Max Avren, Saul and Alex



Malkin, Spike Abramson, Harry and Lou Leible, Max Hershfield, Sunny Greenberg, Sid Deetor, Moe Pierce, Sam Pesochum, Lou Bass, Curly Markovitz and others. I would like to recall the achievements of Jack Perlmutter, who, as a minor club soccer coach, produced year after year, championship soccer teams in the 1930's. I would like to recall the recognition given to Lou Mogul, Mesha Triller, Buster Radis, Allen Foster, Leible Hershfield, and Joe Lifchus, for being chosen on All Star Manitoba Soccer Teams.

There were others like — Giggles Shapiro, Harry Red Cutler, Ben Fat Hatskin, Joe Pudovick, Lou Snukal, Dave Pearlman, Joe Tessler, Alex Filkow, Joe Bermack, Nate Store, who made their mark in British Rugby and in Juvenile and Junior Rugby (Football) under Leon Tessler, Moe Fieldloom, and coach Bert Warwick. The Junior Football Club was organized in 1933. Of course we cannot forget Lou Adelman and Moe Semovitch. And I must apologize for the omission of names of so many others — for memory does not at this moment recall them.

We remember the great Track and Field heroes of those days — William Rosen, Lawrence Cohen, Lawrence Tapper, Jack Sector, Max Kantor, Ron Kantor and Harry Coleman — Canadian champions, all.

The Y.M.H.A. was a stronghold and supporter of all amateur sport in Winnipeg, and though we did have some difficulties with soccer officials in 1933, Y.M.H.A. teams were eagerly welcomed and sought out as members of all amateur sport.

The Y.M.H.A. had attained a place in the topmost ranks in sport and in the minds of all fair-minded people of Winnipeg. In the reflection of this high regard and respect, the Jewish community felt firm and comforted.

But, a dark, sinister cloud was appearing on the horizon. It became apparent, in 1934, during an exhibition game of soccer between the visiting Scottish and Hokoah teams (after much negotiation and the work of a Y.M.H.A. committee consisting of Lou Gladstone, John Stein and Aron Hershfield, the famous Hakoah team was persuaded to visit Winnipeg and play here.) — the game ended in a wild riot — and to my consternation and sadness, one heard and saw vile and vicious acts and remarks addressed to Jews and Jewish people.

As each year in the 30's followed one another ,and now as a spectator sitting in the stands, I became conscious of something that I had thought had long been swept into the gutter. More and more one could hear vicious name-calling; and Jew-baiting against the Y boys became more pronounced. There were increasing number of fights in our games and finally it became difficult and even dangerous to play as a Y.M.H.A. team and this was brought to a final climax at the game played in Regina, between the Regina football team and the Y.M.H.A., where spectators and players fought one another. The game ended in a riot, with vicious name-calling and antisemitic baiting.

Of course we were aware that it was part of that vile, insidious, antisemitic propaganda that was being spread by that psychopathic house-painter with his nazi philosophy, and was being absorbed by so many ignorant people throughout the world.

After much soul searching, much thought, discussions and meetings, we, who had put so much effort into the great sports era, made the grave decision of withdrawing our teams from organized amateur sport.

I can recall the writings of our local papers, decrying the depravity and machinations of the fascists and their followers, but understanding the reasons for our actions, and hoping for the day when the spirit of true fair play would once again prevail.

The sports editors realized full well that a great blow had been dealt amateur sport and that it would be a long time, if ever in our time — amateur sport in Winnipeg would regain its greatness and popularity.

And so Old Timers and friends, in a short space of time, I have attempted to encompass and compress a glorious era of our youth.

As an amateur historian and observer of the local scene, particularly of the Jewish factor in our community for the past 50 years, certain unassailable facts have been impressed on my mind. We know that history is but the accumulation of decisions and acts made by a single individual or group of individuals.

It has been said that the history of England was made on the playing fields of Eton, and if so, then may I be bold enough to assert



that a goodly portion of the history of the Jewish community of Winnipeg was made on the playing fields of this wonderful city of ours — Winnipeg.

The youths of the 20's and 30's, who participated in such true sportsman-like manner, made lasting impressions on the Winnipeg sporting public — friendships were made that have persisted to this day, and I am fully aware that the road to professional and business success was made much easier, much softer, by this personal attachment.

And if today the Y.M.H.A. is the outstanding organization that it is, and plays such an important role in our community that it does, it is undoubtedly and undeniably the end result of a foundation truly and well-laid by young men— the athletic heroes of the 1920's and 1930's.

Old Timers and friends all — 50 years is a long span in any man's life, and as we gather here tonight to take a look backwards, I know that you will join with me in humble thankfulness, that we have come to this point in our lives, when we may look forwards, our heads held high, and say — "I remember when . . .!" with pride and satisfaction in memorable achievements, truly well done!

Gentlemen, as I near the end of my discourse and contemplate further upon the passage of time, another thought comes to mind; from the mixture of peoples that live in our community — Winnipeg, people of different ethnic groups and races, people of diverse cultures and religion, people who are multilingual rather than bilingual, has come a way of life, a manner of living that sets an example to all of Canada. From this cauldron has come a citizen proud and staunch in his Canadianism.

Were it in my power, I would bring those whose voices are raised in loud expressions of separatism and cause them to live among us to see and realize that our Canada is a shining light in this world of turmoil.

It is my humble feeling and conviction that this harmony of living together as Canadians is in a small measure the result of young men and women playing together and against one another in a true spirit of sportsmanship on the playing fields in our city of Winnipeg.

And finally, Mr. Chairman, may I thank you and your committee for the honor and privilege of addressing this wonderful gathering and to all you gentlemen my appreciation, my thanks for your interest and kind attention. And may I wish all of you in the traditional greeting of our people — Shalom Aleichem and Nazel-tov — peace, contentment, good health, and good luck in your daily endeavours.



# Y.M.H.A. FOOTBALL TEAM



SWINEBERG, INSIDE RIGHT



B. STONE, GOAL



S. KRUPP, HALF BACK



C. KRUPP, CENTRE HALF



T. TRILLER, L. HALF BACK



M. TRILLER, GOAL



H. BENDIT, INSIDE RIGHT



J. LIFCHUS, OUTSIDE RIGHT



FOSTER, CAPT. CENTRE



A. CANTOR, PRES.



CHERSFIELD, INSIDE LEFT



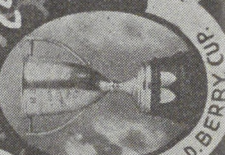
R. RADIS, OUTSIDE LEFT



H. BREGMAN, FULL BACK



B. MOGUL, FULL BACK



D. BERRY, CUP



H. LEPKIN, CENTRE HALF



P. KELLER, FULL BACK

## CHAMPIONS OF WINNIPEG JUNIOR LEAGUE

1924

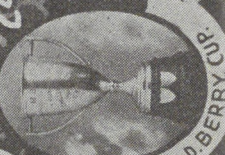


Photo by  
C. H. BACH  
STUDIO  
264 PORTLAND AVE.  
WINNIPEG





S. HILL



T. HENSON



S. HILL

L. HENSON



C. HENSON



P. ABRAMSON



S. GILMONT



P. HENSON



S. MOGAL



L. HENSON

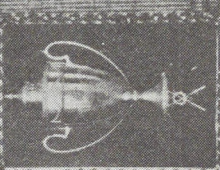


P. COLLIER



P. SWARTZ

**4-M.H.A.**  
**BASEBALL TEAM**  
**SENIOR CHAMPIONS**  
 1925  
 Winnipeg Senior Soft Ball League



M. HENSON



M. CHAPMAN



B. GARDNER



A. KLINE



L. RADIS



P. GELLER



C. HENSON



M. MILLER



T. LEMKE



P. LEVINE

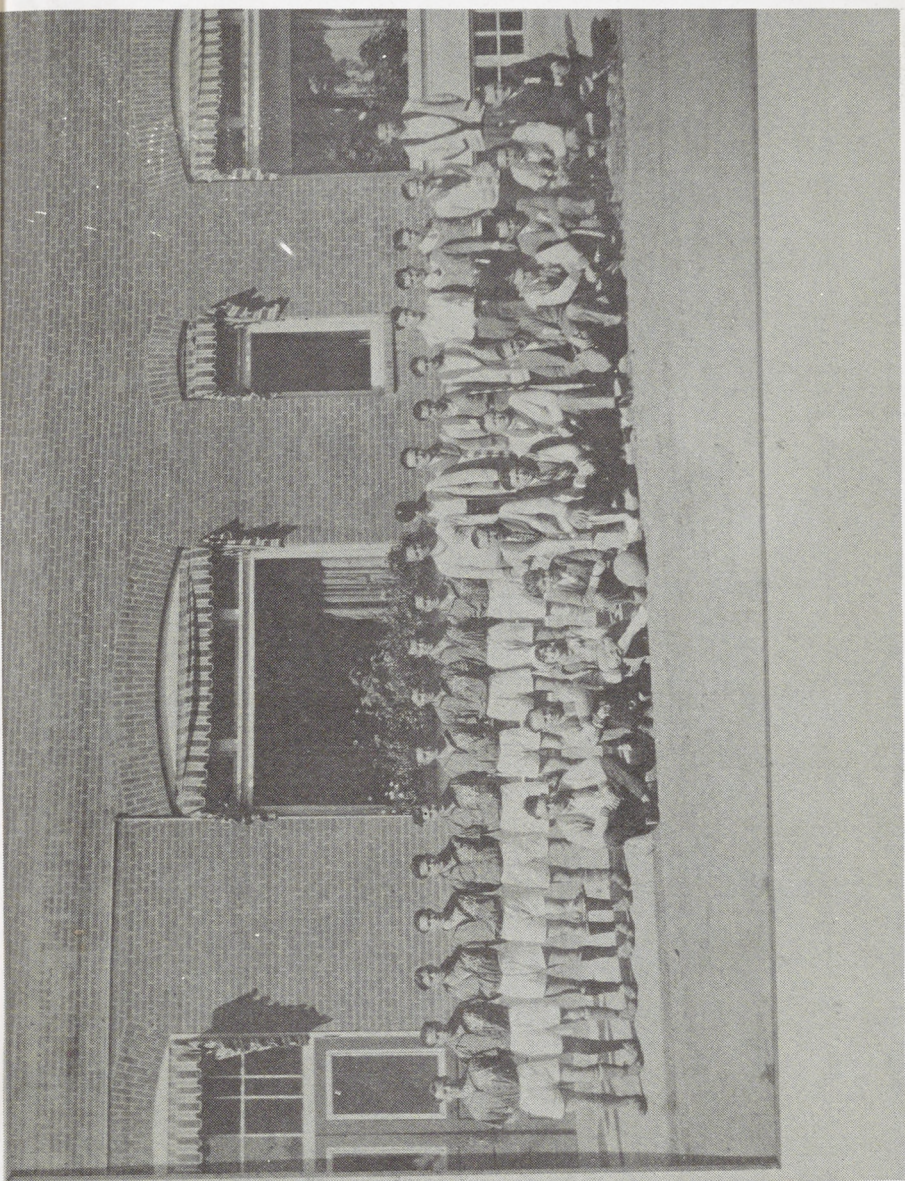


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4/28  
5/19/33

*Sporting* Judean  
CHAMPION DIAMOND BALL LEAGUE 1931.  
Y.M.H.A. INTER-CLUB ATHLETIC UNION.















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W. SIMON  
INFIELD



DR. CHERSFIELD  
PITCHER



M. TRILLER  
INFIELD



L. HERSHFELD  
INFIELD



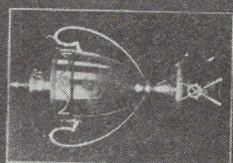
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J. KLINE  
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S. KRINDLE  
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A. FOSTER  
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October 21st, 1969

Address by  
DR. C. S. HERSHFIELD

